

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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JUNE 1, 1919

Brag-a-lot.

A FAIRY STORY.

BY REBECCA R. CORNELL.

BRYDA lay face down in the long grass, sobbing fitfully. On a branch over her head, a fat robin did his best to attract her attention; and all around her, white and yellow daisies nodded invitingly; but the child heeded none of these things,—not even the little brook that ran so merrily only a few feet in front of her.

A big, fat tear coursed down the swollen cheeks of the little girl, and fell on a slim blade of grass by her hand.

"Look out, 'Look out," cried a small voice. "What are you doing? Trying to drown me?"

The child sat up straight and looked around in amazement. "Where are you?" she called. "I don't see anybody."

"Here. Oh, *do* be careful. You nearly put your great elbow right on my head."

There was a sudden movement just in front of her, and Bryda saw what she thought was a fat brown beetle perched on a blade of grass at her elbow.

"Why, I didn't know that bugs could talk," she gasped.

"Bugs, indeed. I'm not a *bug*," came the indignant answer. "I'm Brag-a-lot, of the Faerie Queen's Guard."

"Oh, now I see. You're a dear little Brownie."

"Not so little, at that," answered Brag-a-lot. An injured expression crossed the tiny face before her. The small chest puffed out in a manner that threatened the little brown buttons that fastened his brown jerkin. "Your eyes are bad—that's what."

So saying, he waved a tiny rod before Bryda's amazed eyes, and then quite suddenly she could see everything very plainly. Brag-a-lot looked impressive indeed, as he sat on the very edge of the blade of grass, clad in a tight-fitting brown jerkin, a pointed cap to match, and long, funny little pointed slippers on his feet.

His expression, however, was not much more agreeable than Bryda's own. Seeing the air of injured innocence that he wore, she hastened to make amends.

"You look very handsome," she suggested timidly. "I'm sure no one in their senses would mistake you for a brown beetle. I must have been half asleep."

Somewhat mollified by this attempt at an apology, Brag-a-lot slid down from

the grass blade and came nearer the little girl.

"But you ought to be careful how you sling great bodies of water like that around," he complained.

As the child burst into a peal of amused laughter, he cried hotly: "What are you laughing about? Not at me, I hope."

"Oh, no, indeed. Only it does sound funny to call a tear-drop 'a great body of water.' That's the way we speak of the ocean, you know."

I'm going to wave this wand before your eyes, and in a few minutes you will fall asleep. But before I wave it you may make any wish that you choose and it will be granted."

"Oh, fine, Brag-a-lot. I wish to live like the little Princess. That's why I was crying when you found me. I had been watching the Princess ride by behind two of the loveliest white ponies you ever saw, with two footmen—and—and—a lady—and—"

"Hold on," interrupted the Brownie.

"I'm a very important member of the Faerie Queen's Guard, and must be hurrying along. You've made your wish, already."

With that he waved his wand across Bryda's dancing eyes, and in a few moments the little girl buried her glowing face among the nodding daisies and soon fell sound asleep.

When she awoke she could hardly believe her eyes. She rubbed them real hard and looked again. Yes, it was all true. Bryda, the fisherman's little daughter, lay among the downy, lace-covered pillows of the Princess's bed, and just beside her, her golden curls framing her chubby face like a picture, slept the little Princess herself.

Bryda sat straight up and clapped her hands. "Oh, goody, goody!" she cried aloud.

Disturbed by this outburst, the child beside her awoke and sat up also. And there they sat, side by side in the little bed and looked at each other. Bryda saw that she was not unexpected.

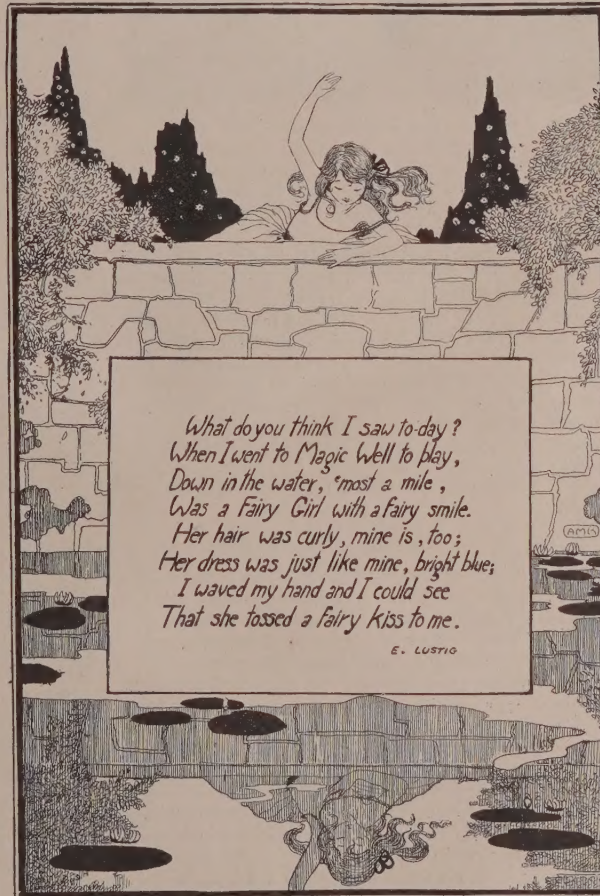
"So you're the little girl who wants to live like the Princess," said the gold-haired child.

The fisherman's daughter nodded her own dark head, and smiled happily. Just then, a woman, whom the little Princess told Bryda was her governess, came into the room, and made the two children get up from the little bed.

Bryda wondered what a "governess" was. Anyway, she was sure that she didn't like them, for after giving her coarse but neat little garments a hurried glance, she gave a distasteful shake of her head and rang a little silver bell.

Immediately, another woman entered. "It's my nurse," whispered the Princess.

Bryda had no time to answer. The newcomer grasped her none too gently by the arm, and led her into a tiny, white bathroom. And such a scrubbing as Bryda got. She felt quite "sterilized" indeed, as, washed and combed, and dressed in one of the Princess's white dresses, so much too



*What do you think I saw to-day?
When I went to Magic Well to play,
Down in the water, 'most a mile,
Was a Fairy Girl with a fairy smile.
Her hair was curly, mine is, too;
Her dress was just like mine, bright blue;
I waved my hand and I could see
That she tossed a fairy kiss to me.*

E. LUSTIG

"Well, it depends on the way you look at it," replied the Brownie; "but as you are inclined to be facetious, I'll just be moseying along. Good-day," he added stiffly. Then—"And I came on purpose to help you, too. The Queen of the Fairies heard you crying, and sent me to!"

"Oh, please, please don't go," begged Bryda.

Brag-a-lot, who had been walking very slowly indeed, turned and came back to the little girl.

"Very well," he said, graciously. "Now,

small that it made her brown legs look twice as long above the pink bordered socks, she was led back to the bedroom.

Bryda and the Princess breakfasted together on a carefully selected diet in a blue-and-gold room. The Princess managed beautifully, but alas for poor Bryda. She thought she had never seen so many forks and spoons in her life, and every time that she picked one up, it was the wrong one. Finally, in desperation she used her slim, brown fingers, but this brought the wrath of the governess down upon her head with so much vehemence that it was all she could do not to burst into tears.

"Never mind," whispered the Princess, seeing her guest's discomfort. It seemed that the Princess always whispered, and Bryda didn't wonder that it was so. "We go driving next," added the Princess, kindly.

At this, Bryda's spirits rose perceptibly. She recalled the picture of the Princess riding behind the two white ponies, that had made her so envious the day before.

The drive, however, was not such a success after all, for the governess sat between the two little girls, and thought it her duty to correct Bryda's English on all occasions. The result was that the poor child became afraid to open her mouth. She was also made to sit up so straight that when the drive was at last over, her tired little back ached with the strain of the unaccustomed position.

On the return to the palace, the children had lunch, which was to Bryda another orgy of knives and forks. Rather than run the gamut of the governess's corrections, she pleaded no appetite, and begged to be excused from going to the table. This proved a bad move. Bryda was sent to the court doctor, who looked at her tongue, and, selecting spots at random, punched her energetically, after which he gave her a spoonful of bitter black medicine. Looking at her pale, frightened face, he shook his head sadly, and said he was afraid she "wasn't healthy."

Having never been sick in her life, this was Bryda's first experience with a doctor, and her heart was beating wildly when she was led from the room.

Luncheon was followed by lessons that lasted for several hours. The Princess spoke French glibly, but Bryda could only sit and stare blankly at the teacher, and wonder when it would be over. Having had no luncheon, she began to have visions of the cookie-box that sat on the kitchen table in her own little rose-covered cottage. She felt that she could almost catch the aroma of the sugar-coated cookies.

"Aren't you happy?" whispered the Princess. "You have your wish, you know."

Before Bryda could answer, her old enemy the governess entered the class-room and led the two little girls out onto the beautiful lawn that surrounded the palace. A bed of gorgeous red roses gleamed in the afternoon sunshine.

With a cry of delight, Bryda ran toward them. Selecting the brightest and reddest of the blossoms, she broke the stem and pressed the fragrant thing against her hot little face.

Suddenly she felt herself lifted from her feet and shaken roughly. "You naughty, naughty child," cried the governess. "What do you mean by pulling those roses?"

Bryda tried to explain that no one had ever scolded her for picking the daisies and buttercups, but to the governess, apparently, daisies and buttercups and big, red roses were not the same.

When the governess had left, the fisherman's child flung herself face down on the soft grass and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Don't cry," whispered the Princess, all sympathy. "You'll get used to it after a while."

Bryda raised her tear-stained face and looked at the Princess. "Are *all* the days like this?" she asked.

"Yes. You see, I am raised by rule. Every minute of every day there are special things to do."

With another sob, Bryda again buried her face in the velvety grass. "Oh, I *wish* I were back home," she cried.

A low laugh reached her ears. Looking up angrily to see why the Princess was laughing at her, Bryda met the impish brown eyes of Brag-a-lot. "Ho-ho!" he laughed. "We don't want to live like the Princess, after all, do we?"

Bryda sat up and looked around. She was not lying on the grass at the palace, but just where she had first seen Brag-a-lot, among the daisies. Just over the hill the sun was setting, a great ball of fire.

Jumping up, she hastily gathered a great bunch of the daisies. There was no governess here to deny her, and a happy light glowed in her eyes as she turned to the Brownie.

"Good-bye, Brag-a-lot," she said. "It's awful late and I must be getting home, or mother will be worried."

That night, in the rose-covered cottage, Bryda told her father and mother all about the Princess and Brag-a-lot, but they only smiled at her and said she must have had a very strange dream. Bryda bit deep into a sugar-coated cookie, and smiled happily, for Bryda knew better.

To Greet June.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

THE gracious roses all unfold—
Rich velvet crimson, sunset gold,
Sweet snow, or pink of early dawn—
They sway and curtsy on the lawn;
Like dainty maids-in-waiting there,
They greet Queen June, their sov'reign fair.

A Lesson From the Flowers.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

THE buttercup lifts up her bowl
To catch the sunshine's gold.
And bluebell reaches for the sky,—
As much as she can hold.

The lily white is April cloud
That softly floats o'erhead.
While with the sunset glory bright
The crimson rose burns red.

The clover fills her honey-tubes
With summer rain and dew.
The morning-glory's fresh as air
That starts the day anew.

Now little girls, like little flowers,
Will find a lesson here:
'Tis Nature's law that each grows like
The thing she holds most dear.

How Tom Came Home.

BY MARIAN WILLARD.

"COME on, Tom, we're all ready," called Fred.

"Can't go, fellers. Ma's got a headache, and I've got to mind Ruth."

Tom turned away to brush an imaginary fly from his little sister and hide his disappointment from the boys who were waiting for him to go fishing. As Fred turned away from the gate, Tom felt that the world could be a very hard place for a ten-year-old lad. All the morning, unkind thoughts flitted through Tom's head.

"Why can't Ruth stay alone. Other boys don't have to stay with a baby. Babies are a bother, anyway."

So thought a very unhappy little chap as he tended his sister all alone on that beautiful June morning. Every bird note, every rush of soft wings, seemed to call him away to the heart of the woods, where the pickerel leaped in quiet pools, and the oven-bird sang above her queer ground nest.

As the long day passed, Tom felt more and more unhappy. More and more he wished that little Ruth had never been born, anyway. Tom was sure he never wanted a sister. A baby brother would have been quite bad enough. He did not wish any harm to come to the little sleeping baby, but neither did he want to sit for hours on the porch while the other boys, free and joyous, swam and fished to their heart's content.

This day, which dragged so slowly for poor Tom, was only the beginning of his unhappy service for his little sister's sake. His mother, pale and thin, became too ill to do the work which the family required, and Tom more and more cared for his sister and helped his mother all that he could. Tom's father, away days at a time in a distant lumber camp, could do nothing to help, and so Tom stuck to his post.

At last, when his mother broke down entirely, Aunt Anna came to take charge. Capable, energetic Aunt Anna saw at once that little Tom needed a change himself. So she wrote a letter one night after Tom had gone to bed, and quietly gave it to the R. F. D. postman on his rounds the next morning. In three days she received an answer, and then she told Tom that he was to have a wonderful visit at Rockham Junction. Rockham Junction meant such a world of joy to Tom that he lay awake for hours that night thinking about the joys to come. He saw himself wandering for hours in the ten-cent store, delighting in its glories. He remembered the time that Uncle Alfred had taken him to the moving pictures, and the soul-stirring events which unfolded before his eyes. Best of all in Tom's eyes was the thought of being free from Ruth. To have no care over a baby was freedom indeed.

Aunt Anna packed his luncheon, packed his little old hand-bag of clean clothes, and led him into the quiet room where his mother lay so still. She hardly opened her eyes to say good-bye to Tom as he kissed her. Little Ruth did not open her eyes at all as he kissed her, but slept peacefully in her little carriage on the porch.

Then Aunt Anna paid his fare to the trolley-car conductor, slipped a half-dollar into his hand, and Tom had started on his wonderful visit to Rockham Junction.

When the car rattled into the square that afternoon, Uncle Alfred was waiting for the little lad who climbed out. Aunt Emma, too, had a welcome for the boy, who was not at all homesick, only very sleepy when bedtime came.

Tom woke the next morning in the heart of a little city. A tiny yard was all the space that he had to play in, but he constantly enjoyed all the unusual sights and sounds of the city. He tried to talk to a little Italian lad, who delivered the morning papers, but all that he could say was, "I don' spick English ver' well." There seemed to be few boys in the neighborhood for Tom to play with.

One evening the fire department, with shrieking whistle and clanging gong, rushed by, and was lost in a cloud of dust. Then one afternoon he strolled into the ten-cent store, to look at the treasures on the counters. He found himself standing before a pile of soft rubber balls and thinking how pretty they were. "How Ruth would like one," he thought, and the next minute Tom found himself buying one to take home to Ruth. Then he bought a lamb, and an absurd fuzzy duck, and behold, twenty cents were all that was left of his half-dollar.

When he reached his room he perched the lamb and the fuzzy duck on the bureau, and hid the soft pink ball in the hand-bag. He did not want his aunt to think he was such a baby as to play with that.

That evening Uncle Alfred took Tom to the movies. Regiments marched before his eyes, a ship was wrecked and brave men rescued, and then came the picture which fascinated, yet frightened Tom. A dear little baby slept in her carriage. She seemed just Ruth's age, and when she woke and smiled it seemed that Ruth's own sunny self was smiling at Tom. Then came the dangerous fly, which, crawling over the baby, left its dreadful trail of illness. Then the picture flashed again to show the poor sick baby, with an anxious mother fanning it, and a doctor bending over the crib.

Poor Tom shivered, for that baby looked like Ruth. Suppose it was. Suppose she was sick and no one let him know. Suppose that when she was sleeping he had been cross and careless, and that he had neglected to brush away the black fly, bringing pain and suffering on his feet. Poor Tom saw no more of the pictures. All of his thought was for his little sister. He could see only the sick baby and that dreadful fly. All that long night Tom lay awake fearing for little Ruth.

When at last day began to break he softly slipped out of bed, dressed, packed his old hand-bag, and stole downstairs. He did not forget the rubber ball, the duck, or the woolly lamb. He left a little note for Uncle Alfred at his place at the dining-table, and softly letting himself out of the kitchen door, Tom started home.

He followed the car track until he reached the country-side where an early apple-tree reminded him that he had had no breakfast. He ate one or two apples from a tree which bent over an old gray wall, loaded with yellow fruit. There he rested until a trolley-car came along, bound for home. Tom climbed aboard and rested as the car sped toward home and Ruth.

Then when his twenty cents gave out he left the car and trudged along toward



By Louis B. Dyar.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS.

Betty and Her Pets.

BY VIVA CLARK.

8. THE TURTLE AND THE LARVÆ.

D ID you guess about those queer pets? I knew you wouldn't—nobody would. The first was a turtle! Now, is it any wonder you didn't guess? And the others were still queerer.

Some of the boys in town brought this turtle to Betty's father to ask him what kind it was, for you see he knew all about animals and insects and birds and flowers. He took it out in the back yard and chained it to the crab-apple tree. He bored a little hole through its shell—oh no! it didn't hurt a bit, the turtle's shell is almost as hard as a stone. He put a tiny chain through this hole and fastened the other end to the tree. Betty fed the turtle all sorts of berries, which it would take very carefully from her fingers after it got acquainted with her. She didn't have this funny pet long, though; when she went out one morning all she found was a tiny piece of shell on the chain, and she knew the turtle was probably far away by that time. And she wished she had written her name on its shell, for turtles live to be very, very old, and years after, she might have seen that turtle with "Betty" on the shell.

Now for the others. I don't know whether you could even call them pets; they were so queer. This is how it started. One day Betty came in with a little, grayish-white sac that she had found hanging on a maple twig. Daddy told her that it was a cocoon; that a little worm-like creature called a larva had woven this house for itself, and gone to sleep inside, and in the spring it would come out a beautiful moth. If she wanted to see the moth come out, she might keep it all winter. Of course she did, who wouldn't? She took a glass fruit jar, put the twig with the cocoon inside, and tied a piece of white netting over the top so the air would go in.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

322 DOUGLAS STREET,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to wear the "League of Nations" button. My father was a Governor's delegate when Mr. Taft was speaking here. I have been interested all the time.

I must tell you again how much I enjoy *The Beacon*.

Sincerely yours,

MARY WATSON SHIELDS.

HINGHAM, MASS

Dear Miss Buck,—I am seven years old, and I have lots of fun with my brothers. Last summer we climbed up in an apple tree and there was a nest and in the nest were three blue eggs and the eggs were robin's eggs.

My brothers names are Richard and Robert.

Yours truly,

RALPH LEWIS.

44 HARVARD STREET,
WORCESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I like it very much. I also like to puzzle out the enigmas. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to the First Unitarian Church Sunday school.

Yours truly,

FRANCES G. THAYER.

The next day, Daddy showed her a big, reddish-brown larva eating maple leaves and told her to take it to the house, put it in another glass with a crotched stick, feed it, and see what happened. The larva ate most of the time for a few days, then it traveled round and round until Betty grew almost dizzy watching it. Finally it clung to the little crotch, waving its head back and forth. Betty couldn't imagine what it was doing until she saw some gauzy threads like a spider's web from one branch to the other. Then she realized that it was spinning a house round itself. She watched it spin, back and forth, back and forth, until she couldn't see it any more; it had hidden itself in its house, which was just like the one she found. Daddy told her that in the spring it would come out a beautiful moth with great, many-colored wings and a furry body.

After that, Betty brought in many kinds of larvæ and fed them until they spun their cocoons. But one little green one that she found on a tomato vine wouldn't spin. It traveled and traveled about the can, then gave up the search and lay on the bottom as though dead. Daddy said it might want earth to live in, so Betty hurried to bring some nice brown dirt. Sure enough, that was just what it did want. It dug down a little way, and then it pulled itself right out of its green skin and lay still there, a funny little brown roll, which Daddy called a pupa. Once in a while during the winter, Betty would see it roll over, and in the spring, on a nice warm day, it rolled over several times and broke open. And right out of that

420 NORTH DUBUQUE STREET,
IOWA CITY, IA.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I go to Unitarian Sunday school in Iowa City. There are three boys in my class. I like the stories in *The Beacon*. My teacher's name is Miss Brant.

I am six years old. I would like to join the Beacon Club. I will be proud of my button.

Yours truly,

FREDERIC M. LORD.

CARLISLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—My brother and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and we would like very much to join the Beacon Club. We get *The Beacon* and like very much to read it. My brother's name is Carlton; he is nine years old, and I am twelve years old. Our minister is Rev. Mr. Kennedy and my teacher is Miss Ricker. We would like to wear the Beacon Club button. You preached in our church once.

Yours truly,

LEROY AND CARLTON STODDARD.

42 STONEHURST STREET,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to join the Beacon Club, and wear its button. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister is Rev. Harry F. Burns. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Cline. Hoping you will accept this letter,

Very truly yours,

MARIE C. MINSINGER.

homely little roll came the prettiest moth with gray and black and white wings, and orange spots on its body, and the funniest long tongue that it rolled into a little coil when it didn't want to drink honey with it from the horn of a nasturtium or some other flower. Betty had the moths fluttering all about the house until she let them out doors, and some of them laid their little round eggs on the windows, and on the lace curtains, and almost anywhere.

Daddy said, with the glass cans and the moths, the house looked more like a zoölogical laboratory than a dwelling place. Betty put down in her note book the name of every larva as she brought it in, its size, color, what it ate, how it built, and everything she could think about it. Then when she saw the moth, she knew *all* about it. And she decided that these "wild pets" were even more interesting than any Daddy had bought for her. What do you think about it?

The Daisy.

(Anglo-Saxon, *Day's Eye*.)

BY BERNICE POWELL PEABODY.

NATURE took a cloud one day,
Borrowed next a sunbeam's ray;
Out of soft and fleecy white,
Out of yellow gaily bright,
Fashioned she, with fancy free,
A Day's Eye for you and me:
Set it midst the grass so green,
Gently sprinkled it with sheen;
For a roof gave it the sky,
And for friend the butterfly!

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXX.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 25, 3, 9, is a river in Scotland.

My 10, 11, is a preposition.

My 20, 22, 15, 15, is a boy's nickname.

My 18, 16, 17, 5, is not low.

My 19, 24, 8, is what girls like to play at.

My 13, 26, 24, 12, is what the oven gives.

My 4, 6, 7, 21, 22, 6, 23, 14, is what people travel in.

My 1, 2, 14, is an adjective.

My *whole* is the name of a well-known poem.

HARRY WOOD.

ENIGMA LXXI.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 16, 19, meaning some.

My 9, 15, 17, is not in.

My 8, 3, 11, is worn by ladies.

My 18 12, 5, is not cooked.

My 2, 6, 4, 7, is where coins are made.

My 13, 14, 5, is an animal.

My 10 is a vowel.

My *whole* is a book by Edward Everett Hale.

DOROTHY SOMMERS.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. The time after dark.
2. A waster of time.
3. An open space in the woods.
4. A fence formed by shrubs.
5. That which gives shade.

BETTY CHURCHILL.

TWISTED NAMES OF BOYS.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Grore. | 6. Dwdrae. |
| 2. Cjka. | 7. Krfan. |
| 3. Darhlo. | 8. Shursle. |
| 4. Rcfasn. | 9. Omt. |
| 5. Vdiad. | 10. Btreor. |

FRANCES HOLMES.

BLOCK PUZZLE.

A child arranged six of his blocks, a, b, c, d, e, and f, in the order of the alphabet. Then he found that by changing the position of three of the blocks a line of letters could be made that spelled two words. What are the words?

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 33.

ENIGMA LXVI.—When the boys come home.

ENIGMA LXVII.—Girl Scouts of America.

CHARADE.—Mayflower.

BEHEADINGS.—Crown, crow, row.

WORD SQUARE.—RARE

ARAB

RARE

EBEN

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Edwin Niles Perkins, Wollaston, and Evelyn M. Hanson, Quincy, Mass.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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